## A PERSIAN LEGEND.

A Persian mother sat watching her child. Her face was very beautiful and her clothes were rich and elegant. She wore costly ewels on her neck and arms, and her fingers glittered with diamonds. But her hands were clasped idly in her lap, and she looked very, very sad.

"Mamma," said the boy, "tell me what is the matter. You always look as if you were just going to cry. You never laugh like other mammas."

She smiled and stroked his head, and after looking, in a strange way, toward the sky for a moment, she answered: "Abow, I will tell you a story. Do you want to hear it?" He looked well pleased and nestled near

"A long time ago," she began, "a rich merchant in our country of Hindostan drove his son away from home because he had done wrong. The son's name was Siaunsh. He went out, dressed himself in clothes that made him look like a beggar, and sat down under a tree near the river." She stopped here for a moment and

"Why don't you go on?" said the boy with childish impatience. "Did you ever hear of the Peris, my child?"

she said. "Ah, yes," be answered; "nurse has told me of them. They are beautiful great fairies with wings, good and more lovely than any-

thing else in the world.' "Did she tell you so, my boy? It is true and you never saw such beautiful clothes a they wear. By means of these clothes they

can change into any form they please." "Well, while Siaunsh sat by the water four white doves fell down to the edge. While he watched them he saw them become beautiful women, more loyely than he had ever seen before. They took off their gare ments and laid them down, while they went into the water to bathe. With a wicked thought in his heart, Siaunsh stole the clothing and hid it."

"How unkind," said the boy. "But what

"Yes," she answered, "they were Peris, and when they eaw their wonderful garments gone they did not know what to do, tor without the clothing they had no power to turn into any other form, and could not fly back again to their fairy home in the sky. But seeing Siaunsh, and supposing that he had taken the garments, they asked him to

"But he had begun to love the beautiful creatures, and to long for one of them to be his wife, and he told them that if they would promise to live with him he would give back their clothing. They did not know what to do. Siaunsh told wonderful stories about how happy they would be, and at last one of them consented. He gave back the garments, and three of them dressed and fle waway like great angels into the blue sky, but the other went sadly to her earthly home

"Slaunsh believed that he would make the Peri happy. He bought for her silks and satins and velvets, gold and pearls and diamonds. He loved her very dearly, and his friends loved her, but every day she grew more sad. At last she had a lovely child and sometimes she would forget, but not

"Where were the other clothes, mamma? asked the boy. "The busband hid them, my child," answered the mother. "The Peri never saw them after she came to her husband's home."

"The man was wicked to keep her," said "But she could not help loving him," said the mother, her eyes filling with tears. "He was very, very kind to her, and her boy was beautiful, oh, more beautiful than the sun!" and her eyes were full of tears when they

rested on Abow. "Yes, she loved him, and she loved his friends and she loved her boy, but she longed, oh, she longed to go back to her sisters." "Poor Peri!" said the boy. "If I had been the son that she loved so much I would have hunted and hunted and hunted till I found these magic clothes, and then I would have given them back to her, and she should have

gone home to her sisters.' "Dear child," she said, and began looking out of the window once more toward the sky, which sunset was just tinging with the golden glory of evening

"Is that all?" asked Abow. "Yes, that is all; you must leave me now. for I must bathe and dress.' Didn't she get home?" asked Abow.

"No, my dear, no!" she answered. Then I wish you had not told me th story. I like to have stories end right," said the boy. While they had been talking the nurse had sat quietly by, listening, and when the

beautiful lady rose to dress she came to help "Lady," she said, "why do you make yourself sad by talling your story to Abow?"

think of nothing except those days long ago, when I flew over the eath in different forms with my wonderful fairy sieters." "But can you not be happy with your husband, who loves you so much, and with your

beautiful fon?" "No," she answered, "never! never happy! But, nurse, how did you know that I was telling my own story?"

"The Great Siaunsh told me before he left for his far away journey," she answered. "Did he tell you where he had hidden my magical clothes?"

"Yes, lady," she said. The lady did not answer, but went on combing her waving amber hair and making herself lovely with the luxuries of the East. The nurse, watching her, was dazzled by the wonderful beauty of the face and figure. "Lady," she said, "surely no being lives

who is as charming as you. "That is true!" sighed the sad mother. "But what is my loveliness worth when I some Flemish ancestors were centurier ago. must be a slave?"

"Oh, nurse!" she said, "if you could see you could see me as I look when I am a mirthfulness, and laughed a good deal when tainly will not go away without first seeing Peri, and not a poor, earthly woman, you reminded of some funny incidents with Mr. Grant," and producing one of her crads, would see a sight such as your, eyes never saw before. Get the cother for me just | Mehon's visit to the capital of French Flanonce, nurse," and her eyes filled with tears. "I am so beautiful! Would you not like to see me wesr them? Just once!" And she threw her srms around the woman's neck. The nurse could withstand no longer.

"Only for a moment," she thought, and though Siannish had intrusted his wife to her care, urged on by great desire to see the beautiful creature dressed in the Peri dress, she brought them from their hiding place and gave them to the lady.

They were quickly put on, and Abow, who had come running into the room, stood with his nurse looking with wonder at the vision that rose before them.

The form grew more stately, the face more radiant. The waving amber hair changed to silver sheen. Flowing garments glistened like the sun, and great wings unfolded them-selves and spread toward the sky. But the joy that lighted the face was more wonder-ful than all.

The vision turned, kissed Abow, laid its

Abow followed to the window, lifted his eyes, saw standing in the golden gate of country, is making a tour of the Rocky even, which was just above the setting | Mountain mining regions.

sun, three other radiant forms with but streched arms. They clasped the Peri mother as she passed through the gate, and with a wild cry at the beauty of the vision Abow hid his fact in his nurse's lap.

History of a Rich Montana Gold Mine.

| Portland News. | On Saturday there arrived at the Gilman Hotel, in this city, a plainly or rather proriy acknowledges the fact that: dressed, cadaverous-looking man, about fifty years of age, who took a dollar-r.om Soon thereafter it was whispered that the new arrival was Thomas Cruse, the man who shad sold the Dram Lummond Mine, in Montina, he deposited in the First National Bant in this city, and the other in a Montana Book.

It was noticed during the millioniare's presence in the house that he spent no m'ney that he could possibly avoid. On Sunday he asked where the Catholic Church was, and, instead of hiring a carriage and triveling as becomes a man of so much wealth, he trudged on foot to the church and back! On Tuesday he left for his home in Montana Yesterday a gentleman was met who knew Mr. Cruse well, and he said: "Yes; I am well acquainted with him. For the past twenty-five years he has been a prospector in Montana and Idaho, and his present whalth is due to the fact that he is one of those fellows that get hold and never let go.

"Why it's twenty years since he struck the mine that he sold for more than a million and a half. In order to develop it he would work for a while for others to oftain a stake for grub, tools and powder. Then be would put in his time on the mine unti' his

funds were exhausted. "Finally he struck pay dirt, and his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and for two or three years before he sold out he mads ! liv ing out of it. How? Why, by extracting a few hundred pounds of ore and taking it to his cabin, and reducing it to pulp in a mortar and washing out the gold in a bread apan. You see the mine, although rich, could not be properly developed without capital. Being of a secretive disposition, he laid a

"The story of the greatness of the mine | collars and cuffs, will do." did the women do? They were Peris, were spread far and wide, and big offers were nade Being assured that nothing could be more me, I would have sold out long ago.

"Finally, an English syndicate commenced to angle with the lucky prospector, and at | ish, tenderly considerate woman! I could not | that the papers were drawn up and read to the timid and resssuring the bashful with torney. A clause in the agreement was read by which the purchasers could buy the one sixth interest he retained, should they so desire. This jarred on the old man's ears like a false note to an orchestra leader. "'I want that stricken out and I'l' give you just five minutes to do so. If you don't the jig is up,' sententiously said the sman hind, sillicted with endless steps, and lookwho had waited twenty years for as pur-

it's not likely the company will want to seemed determined to get away from its freeze you out," said the representative of moorings also. In front of the hotel, and English capital. This sort of exposto ation stretching away down to the creek, was kept up until the hands of the clock | surged a multitude of people, heads marked the expiration of the five fateful up, intent upon seeing General Grant. minutes.

"The jig's up,' slowly and stem! said \$100,000 extra, and it was several months compass ever since daylight to get a glimpse clause been struck out, five sixths of the not see," he replied, "that if I go out on that mine could have been purchased for \$2,500,- tumble-down porch the whole crowd will 000, but when the negotiations were resumed \$1,6000,000 was asked and received for five sixths of the Drum Lunemond

The mine is situated about three miles from Butte City, M. T., and is probably the richest gold-producing mine in the world.

Mr. Levi P. Morton's Last Dinner Party in Paris. London Truth.

Though loving home dearly Mrs.: Levi Morton is in sore distress at baving to leave Paris. She has been a spoiled pet (if petting can spoil one so amiable as well as so, fair) of brilliant society there. At the Ginner Mr. Morten and she gave on Saturday she expressed the contending feelings of gladness to return to America and sorraw at the rift that is about to take place in her habits. Mrs. Morton on Saturday evening was in black stamped velvet, with rich and long jet berthe fastened in front of the right shoulder by a dismond ornsment. She had more diamonds in her hair, and three rows of large and perfectly matching pearls round her neck. Amoug the guests were the Hohenlohes, the De Freycinets, the Von Hausbergs, the Ligrands, the Herbettes, etc. Princess Hohenlobe was out of mourning, and in delicate pink. Mine. de Freycinet's daughther, who has be-"I can not tell," she answered. "I can | come a very fine girl, was in fresh tille of | ized deeply the blessings of living in quiet, the cucumber-water shade. The Fereign though ever so lowly retirement." She Minister's only daughter is now very like seemed grieved to think that any of the peowhat the Princess Christian was when, as | ple of this Union, which General Grant Princess Helena, she held a drawing-room at | saved, could find in their heart to reflect Buckingham Palace for the Queen, bet she upon him, "For my part," she added, "I has a much more slender waist and more vivacity of expression. Her social tact if delicate. When telling me on what day her mother received, she added: "There are some who are at home from 2 to 3, 4thers from 3 to 4, 4 to 5, 5 to 6, but maman frouve que c'est plus aimable pour nos aisis de rester chez elle tout l' apres midi." Not a grain of pedantry is discovorable in hez chitchat, some of which at the American Legation was about colors which suited different complexions. Mme. Pierre Legrand, wife of the Minister

of Commerce and Agriculture, and a handsome pale brunette, of opulent figure, das in | enthusiasm, "don't let me do all the talkwarm crimson brocade, lavishly trimmed ing." with yellowish old lace, which, pechaps, Pierre Legrand belongs to a family who have other, she said: "However much I might been the "bosses" of Lille for generations. me cressed once in my own magic dress; if He is a good fellow, has the bappy offt of interfere; but," she continued, "you cerwhich be was connected) of Marshal Mac-

ders in 1877. The tiny Embassadress of the islard empire of the furtherest East was just as if she came out of a bandbox. The title-equivalent to her native one-of Marquise is given to her in Paris When she converses her eyes take an expression of keen perocotion and Japanese holiness. "The Marquis," her husband, has the tone of an easy, aviable man of the world, and is perfectly at home in several European onguer and French habiliments. His spectacles hide the skrewd look of his eyes, and impart to him a behevolentair. He is a very sharp diplomatis, but sharpness does not, when it is not entirely at the service of Number One, exclude good

General Menebrea's pale, aquiline and accentuated—and, indeed, hatchet—face is thoroughly Piedmontese and little Italian. The Merquise Val Dora, his wife, continues to preserve a distingue type of beauty, which is seen equally to advantage in a simple morning dress or in a gala toilet.

MRS. GENERAL GRANT.

Something About the Faithful Wife of the Old Commander.

|Correspondence Philadelphia Telegraph.] Mrs. Grant has said she was happier in her simple home in Galena, living on Mr. Grant's salary of \$40 a month, than she has ever been since. How like her! The modest, sensible, superior woman, who realizes and

Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble the poor man's cot.

The grand aim of Mrs. Grant's life has been to adapt herself to her husband's circumstances, to make the best of him and of for \$1,600,000. Half of this amount is said to | them; and who shall say how much General Grant's greatness is due to the unswerving devotion of his wife? The man who feels always that he is the beloved, trusted and honored head of his own household is so fortified by inward peace for contact with the outside world that he goes forth a hero, "conquering and to conquer." A true wife is like the rivulet at the base or the mighty oak, and who shall say how much of the tree's greatness, its strength and glory are due to the refreshing, invigorating power of the little stream, rippling, singing ceaselessly round its roots forever?

Having been delegated by the citizens of Oil City to receive Mrs. Grant at the Duncan House, when the Presidential party came there in 1872, I saw her then for the first time. A quiet, unostentations woman, at tired in a sober suit of brown, she came from the train to the hotel escorted by one her sons, while the General and his suite went to the hall prepared for their reception. Mrs. Grant is not pretty, but she has an uncommonly sweet expression, which tells the story of her true and gentle heart. As most of the ladies of the town had come to call on Mrs. Gaant, I asked her, after she had sufficiently rested whether it would not be wise to hold a little informal reception to accommodate at once so many of the ladies who were anxious to meet her. With a smile of rare sweetness. she replied: "I am not at all surprised that the people desire to see Mr. Grant. He has door at the entrance of his secret tressure | become historical, you know; but everywhere, which he kept locked at all times, and the so far, they have seemed really to wish to see miners used to facetiously call the blace me also. A reception? Yes, certainly, if this traveling dress, after I have changed my

for it. Among those who made an offer for | pleasing to the citizens than this simplicity. the mine was Mackay, of bonanza fame, but she came in a few minutes to the public the hardy prospector knew full well the drawing room on the second floor, and havyalue of his find, and would not sell until he | ing taken her stand in front of the mantel, got his figure. Cruse was a stayer from away she stood there for more than two hours back, and don't you forget it. Had it been while the ladies were presented, saying to while the ladies were presented, saying to each one with marvelous grace and tact the right word in the right place. The unselfone time negotiations reached such a stage belp thinking, as I watched her encouraging Cruse, who was also represented by his at- her gentle, appropriate words, how truly

"the law of kindness was on her lips." Later the General came in and, mounting to the ball on the second floor, remained standing outside the parlor door, the crowd surging up and around him. The Dancan House was a tall, rickety, frame structure, built high up against the steep hil side being as if it intended to tapple forward same day. Along the entire front of the second "Well, but that's a mere formality and story was a wide, ro fless piazza, which Approaching the General, I ventured to request that he would go out upon the porch for a minute or two, and show "And indeed it was, and the fail re to himself to the people below, who had been secrede to the request made by Cruse cost | coming into town from the four points of the before he resumed negotiations. Hel the of their country's defender. "But can you follow, and we shall all go down together." "If but for one moment, General, to return before many of the crowd can follow.' I urged, "it will be the great event of their

> too," I assented, and he went first, not to stand just outside of public view, like some-body lagging behind, but straight on to the front, where the intrepid hero stood, hatless, in the morning sun, for at least five minutes. while the welkin rang with prolonged cheers of the enthusiastic multitude. The next time I saw Mrs. Grant was in Washington, February, 1875. "Socially or on business?" demanded the waiter who took my card at the White House. "Socially." And entering the room to the left of the entrance I sat waiting. In a few minutes Mrs. Grant came, and we seated ourselves on a sofa near the door. While lis-

lives." 'Very well, then," he answered,

good humoredly, "I will go if you will come,

tening to her low, sweet voice, happening to glance behind her, I saw a pair of eyes watch. ing us through the crack of the door. Drawing her attention imperceptibly to the fact. she arose immediately and we walked to the far window of the room before resuming. raised her beautiful hands and exclaimed: 'Oh, Mrs. C., if we could trust any one!" It was at the time of the "Whisky Ring"

trouble, and Mrs. Grant said that she "realseel as if I could never be sufficiently proud of my husband." "As a soldier?" I asked. "Yes, as a soldier and a statesman. When Mr. Grant took the reins of the republic the war spirit still existed; not openly, it is true, but secretly, in the hearts of the defeated. The finances-our whole distracted country was in a state of chaos, and Mr. Grant gathered up all the loose ends of this mighty fabric straying loose, tangled, wide spart, and knit them all together again into one barmonious whole, with God's guidance and assistance. But," she added, changing the subject suddenly, blusbing at her own

Soliciting her influence with the General for the justly merited appointment of anwish to be p you in this matter, I dare not she wrote: "Dear Ulysse:-I would like you to see Mrs. C."

After the call I went up stairs to the anteroom, and sending in Mrs. Grant's card with mine, was soon requested to follow. There was a crowd in waiting, so we entered the President's spartment two at a time. Feeling rather diffident I lingered to let the gentleman who was to go in when I did precade me. General Grant sat at the head of a long table, littered with manuscript, alone and smoking. My companion, a tall, pompous man, turned to the right, and walking up to General Grant shook hands and sat down beside him. The General drew a chair for me to his right, removed his cigar from his mouth, and laying it on the table, excused himself for a moment, while he turned politely attentive to his other visitor. There is something so protecting, so respect-ful in General Grant's demeanor toward the sey, that any one would feel at ease with him. "General," said my vis-a-vis. in a grandiloquent tone, "I merely called to see you. I have no favors to ask. I need none. I come from the neighborhood of your old

"Ah," said the General, "there have been serious floods in that region." "True, I am now going to the South on

business, but, though I want nothing at your hands, General, I could not go through Washington without coming to pay my respects to you." The General bowed and was silent; whereupon the consequential man shook hands again, and bowed himself out backward, stumbling over a chair or two as he withdrew. "General." I ventured to say, when the door closed after him, "I am one of the unfortunate ones who has a favor to ask." The General smiled, and when I told him as clearly and concisely as I could what I wanted, and why it was right and proper that he should give the office to my friend, he realized the justice of the case almost intuitively, and with the prompt decision which characterizes him, wrote the order to Secretary Fish to give the appointment, and requested me to cary the note to the State Department myself, which I did at once, and

For weeks lately the American Nation has been standing just outside the vestibule of death, Asrael, the awful, the inexorable. threatening to enter in. "The pale horse" loomed up a chilling specter between us and the sun of health and prosperty. It checked the half spoken jest on the lips of the speaker, and on the face of the listener the smile faded away, and the cheek blanches, as though the living flesh were turning to stone, and all hearts seemed to stop beating in sympathy with him, the Nation's patient, when we were told day by day that General Grant was slowly dying. Now, however, he is spared to the prayers of the people, and, while we marvel at the spectacle of the hero's prolonged and unequaled resistance to the all-conqueror, who shall say how much his "ministering angel," his devoted friend, his wise counselor, his constant companion, the partner of all his joys, his sorrows and his hopes, his loving and beloved wife, who could not give him up, has had to do with the preservation of the great man's I fe? And while our herts teem with gratitude and love to the hero of Shiloh and the Appomattox, the man whom the world delights to nonor, let us not forget to render the homage that is due to his good wife, this true type of the Amer can woman, the noblest, the most enlightered womenhood, a cosmopolitan once assured me, in the world. Warriors and statesmen have their meed of

And what they do and suffer men record,

Passes Without a thought, without a word.

His Tail.

| Hartford Times. |

A Danbury paper tells an astonishing story of a dog owned by Thomas Mitchell, who lives on the line of the Shapang Railroad. The dog had a habit of chasing trains, and one day recently was caught by the wheels and lost a piece of his tail. Two hours later he picked it up, carried it to some distance and buried it as carefully as he would a bone.

The suspicious feature of the story is that a Shepaug Railroad train ever ran fast enough to catch a dog.

Regarding the canning of fruits and vegetables, it is estimated that during the past four years there were canned of tomatoes 2 225,000 cases of two dezan each, or 4,450,000 dozen cans, at one bushel per dozen cans. At an average of 400 bushels per acre this would make an acreage devoted to tomatoes for canning purposes of 21 125. There were canned 600,000 cases of peaches, or 1 200,000 dezen, and other frui a amounted to 2 000,000 cases, or 4 000,000 dozen. Meat and poultry also furnished 1,300,000 cases, or 2,600,000 dezen.

Out of luse

When the tones of a musical instrument become barsh and discordant, we say it is "out of tune." The same may be said of that far more wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism, the human | TEXAS & PACIFIC RAILROAD, structure, when it becomes disordered. Not only actual disease, but those far more common causes, overwork, mental anxiety, and fast living, may impair its vigor and activity. The best remedy for a partial collapse of the vital energies, from these as from other sources, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is at the same time an agrecable and mind cheering cordial, and the best possible invigorant in all cases of debility. It is an incom-parable stomachic and anti-bilious medicine, eradicates fever and ague, and prevents subsequent attacks. It remedies with certainty and thoroughness bowel and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, nervousness, rheumatic troubles, neuralgia and many other bodily ailments. It also counteracts influences which predispose to dislase.

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There's a sign in the heart though the lip may be gay, is a centimental phrase, truly. Meny more line vainly sigh because they have not found a remedy that went to their silment. If the trouble is dyspepsia or indigestion, no matter how aggravated may be the form of their trouble, we say to them, "Sigh no longer; Mishler's Herb Bitters is an infallible cure for disorders of this character." A thousand testimonials from the most reliable sources will bear out this statement.





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